TO THE

KING,

ON

His MAJESTY's *Happy Return.*

AN

ODE.

By Mr SPILTIMBER.

Magnis tamen excidit Ausis. OVID MET. LIB. 2.

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Where may be had, (Price One Shilling, Wrote by the ſame Author,)

The STATESMAN, a Poem, humbly Inſcrib'd to the Right Honourable Sir *Robert Walpole.*

Fari quæ ſentiat.

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TO THE

KING.

I.

AWAKE, *Thalia!* ſweep thy String; *
Divinely ſtrike: Sublimely ſing
The lofty Theme, *Britannia*'s King!
Giv'n to our ardent Vows, Mankind to bleſs,
Art thou too weak to reach His Praiſe?
Let all the Nine aſſiſt thy Lays;
Let all the Nine their Voices raiſe,
And tell the World *Britannia*'s Happineſs.

II.

Happy *Britannia!* ſtill to Thee
Thrice ſacred ſhall the Veſſel be,
Which bears the Ruler of the Sea;
And honour'd ſtill, to future Ages ſtand.
Not to the *Romans* hallow'd more
The Ship that *Æſculapius* bore,
Tho' Fate decreed he ſhould reſtore
Gay ſmiling Health to an afflicted Land.

* Quem virum aut Heroa lyra vel acri
Tibiâ ſumes celebrare Clio?
Quem Deum? Hor.

III.

Whence are theſe Burſts of gen'ral Joys?
What Tranſport ev'ry Breaſt employs?
Lo CÆSAR comes! A Nation's Voice
Proclaims that CÆSAR is to Us reſtor'd.
O welcome to thy fav'rite Iſle!
Our Orb irradiate with a Smile,*
Which ſhall our deepeſt Cares beguile,
And make glad Nations hail their mighty Lord.

IV.

CÆSAR, our long-afflicted State,
From Worlds divided, mourn'd her Fate; †
Thy Abſence did her Fears create;
Thy wiſh'd Approach ſhall chaſe her Fears away.
Eager to catch the ſpringing Light,
With anxious Horror and Affright,
The *Perſian* thus laments the Night;
But Joy returns with the returning Day.

V.

Deſir'd by all, to all the Land
Shine forth again, again command
The Scepter ſuited to thy Hand,
And re-aſſume thy delegated Sway:
Attendants on thy Glory ſtill,
Joyous if Thou approve their Skill,
The choſen Servants of Thy Will,
Eas'd of their Pow'r with Pleaſure ſhall obey.

VI.

CÆSAR, to Thee alone belongs
To vindicate a Nation's Wrongs;
Behold, the Croud with Ardour throngs
To check the ſwelling Pride of haughty *Spain*.
Be Thine, with an unerring Blow,
To dart Thy Fury on the Foe,
And make the pale *Iberian* know,
Britons alone are Maſters of the Main.

* Lucem Redde tuæ Dux bone Patriæ. Hor.
† Penitus toto diviſos orbe Britannos. Idem.

VII.

Where'er thy Navy points its Ways,
More wide than *Sol* extends his Rays,
Her Wings extend;---to ſpread thy Praiſe
From *Zembla*'s Ice-bound Coaſt to Sun-burnt Climes.
Be thine to bid their Thunders roar,
And with avenging Light'nings pour
Deſtruction on each hoſtile Shore;
Joy of the preſent, Pride of future Times.

VIII.

*When the Primœval Race of Man
To practiſe various Crimes began,
And Vice thro' ev'ry Region ran,
Defiling that which Heav'n created fair;
The King of Gods, Immortal *Jove*,
Tho' long with Man his Spirit ſtrove,
To Earth deſcended from above,
Compell'd to puniſh, yet inclin'd to ſpare.

IX.

But firſt the Thund'rer from on high,
Conven'd the Synod of the Sky,
And ev'ry Deity drew nigh,
Proud to obey th'irrevocable Nod:
For ev'ry Pow'r from him alone,
Receives a Glory not his own,
And waits around his Star-deck'd Throne,
Bright Emanation of the brighter God.

X.

Of theſe great *Neptune* firſt appear'd,
Whence Commerce ſprung, by Ocean fear'd,
By all reſpected and rever'd,
The mighty Founder of the Sea-girt *Troy*:
He pitied Man to Error blind,
And all his Cares were ſtill inclin'd
To be the Friend of Human Kind:
Such Cares, O WALPOLE, do thy Soul employ.

* Vide Ovid. Met. lib. 1.

XI.

The God of Wiſdom him purſu'd,
The God, with Dignity indu'd,
Paſs'd on; and paſſing all Things view'd:
On Earth ſuch *Hardwicke* is by Heav'n approv'd.
Bright *Maia*'s Son with Smile ſerene,
With pleaſing Aſpect, graceful Mein,
Such as, with us, is *Harvey* ſeen,
Along the milky Way delightful mov'd.

XII.

Next, breaking glorious from afar,*
Bright op'ning as the Morning Star,
Intrepid ruſh'd the God of War,
Equall'd alone by *Marlbro*'s awful Name.
Divine *Minerva* too was there,
Wont *Mentor*'s awful Form to wear,
Now Joys like *Ila* to appear,
Whene'er ſhe ſinks into a human Frame.

XIII.

Forth iſſuing by Command divine,
The Council of the Skies to join,
To theſe ſucceed a num'rous Line,
All ſplendid Beings of immortal Race:
Tho' each obey'd the mighty Call,
No interrupting Murmurs fall,
But high Reſpect impos'd on all
A Silence ſuited to the ſolemn Place.

XIV.

At length the Ruler of the Skies began;
"Say Pow'rs, muſt Heav'n ſtill ſtrive with Man?*
Vainly to all hath Mercy ran;
The Rebel Race our juſt Diſpleaſure move.
Forbearance prompts them to offend,
Before us Crimes on Crimes aſcend;
The Skies with impious Rage they rend,
And mock that Vengeance which they ſoon ſhall prove.

* Hom. Il.

XV.

Yet firſt we deign to traverſe Air,
And paſſing o'er Earth's Bounds, declare
If Anger will let Mercy ſpare:
Such is, ye Pow'rs, the Will of *Jove*; but know,
Still to maintain our Juſtice ev'n,
To You, O Deities, is giv'n,
To be the Subſtitutes of Heav'n,
And in our Abſence rule the World below."

XVI.

So ſpake the Sov'reign of the Sky,
And Star-like darting from on high,
His Immortality laid by,
To paſs a Mortal 'mid the Sons of Earth:
He paſs'd; and ſaw Gigantic Pride
His Juſtice mock, his Pow'r deride;
His offer'd Mercy ſtill defy'd,
And all Heav'n's Attributes Man's impious Mirth.

XVII.

No more divine Compaſſion mourn'd,
But Indignation ſtrongly burn'd;
Thro' Heav'n's ſelf-op'ning Gates, return'd
The Deity whom Deities obey.
Their tuneful Lyres the Muſes ſtrung,
And in harmonious Numbers ſung,
With Harmony *Olympus* rung,
Extending wide the undulating Lay.

XVIII.

And now the God, whoſe dire Command
Nor Earth, or Air, or Seas, withſtand,
To puniſh a polluted Land
With unabated Wrath, fierce Ruin hurl'd:
Jove the Avenger from on High
Pour'd forth the Sluices of the Sky,
And bad his Storms and Tempeſts fly,
With ſwift Deſtruction to o'erwhelm a World.

XIX.

Reſembling thus the Deity,
(For Thou a God to us ſhall be,*
Believe thy humble Votary)
The mighty Lords of Earth before Thee call
On thoſe vain Beings of a Day,
Who dare thy Mandate diſobey,
Born only to enhance thy Sway,
Let thy protracted Anger doubly fall.

XX.

Succeſs is ſtill to Virtue due:
The Gods, O King, declare for You;
Fortune ſhall wait, and Fame purſue
The Glory of thy Arms.---The Fear-ſtruck Foe,
For Mercy ſuing to thy Throne,
Aw'd by thy Pow'r, ſhall ſuppliant own
The ſubject World is thine alone:
Jove rules Above, and You preſide Below. †

* Virg. Ecl. 1.
† Diviſum imperium cum Jove Cæſar habet. Id. ad Auguſt.

FINIS.